

## *THE FAITHLESS SHEPHERD.*

BY SUSAN GLASPELL.

BECAUSE his father has sheep a boy becomes a shepherd. So it has been since the first flocks grazed over the mountains of Greece—grazing where Greeks unborn would one day build temples, resting in the fallen temples of Greeks long dead. Temples came and went. The flock continues. And though there have been many kinds of Greeks, through it all the shepherd has remained the shepherd, for have not the mountains remained the mountains, and the flocks thereof the flocks of the mountain?

What began before Greek was written was to be the way of it with Epimonondas Paraskeva, the boy of eleven who woke one dawn in the sacred precinct of the temple at Delphi, where he had spent the night wind-shielded by a piece of the old wall, his thin little body curled round a column which now rose less high than he. He woke because something was tickling his face; sleepily he saw it was a big red poppy, bending on its long stem. The fallen temple was a field of blowing poppies.

He thought he heard his name—did some one call Nondas? He had spent the night out with his brother Andreas, who guarded one flank of their big flock now resting above Delphi on the journey from the lower places of the winter up Parnassos, to those places where heat could not come—hidden places, for mountains held things you could not know were there until suddenly you came upon them. Sometimes he and his mother had gone up the mountain to see his father; but they had never gone deep—on and on where only the shepherds went. And the bandits; bandits as well as shepherds lived in those high secret places.

He shivered and raised up to see if Andreas were in sight; but no, and the bells told that the sheep had moved farther away. The bells made him sleepy again, for only some of the sheep were awake, and they were like himself, as much asleep as awake.

Right before him, close enough for his hand to reach out to it, was a great stone, looking as if it had once stood up, but now half lying down, resting against another big stone. And there were letters written in this stone.

He had known before that in this queer place of big fallen things letters were written on the stones, but that was not much to him then, for he could not read the letters. Now the priest had taught him some of them. Could he read this stone? He stretched forward, lying on his stomach and parting the poppies brushing the letters of stone. Δ. Why, that was delta! A letter he knew cut deep in stone!

He crawled closer; he could hardly believe it was true, but the next two letters also he could read—I, and then O. The next one he did not know, and he wished he did because he liked it—two I's a little apart, and held together by a slanting I, making N. Then two letters he did not know, and the second one looked as if it were going to bite; another O, and then it finished with the letter which looked as if it were going to bite—Σ.

There were only six different letters, and three of them he knew. He liked this word which he half knew, and wished he knew what it meant, why it had been cut in stone, and why all those great stones, looking as if they had once made something, but not making anything now, were here alone on the mountain-side. His fingers followed each letter until finger-tips knew the cuts—cuts smooth with age. Then, poppies brushing his slowly moving hand, he was idly looking about—those rich lower slopes of Parnassos, the great olive groves far below, plowland and vineyard stretching up and up, here and there small fields of grain—and everything moving just a little; he heard the bells of his father's flock, heard faintly the waters of the Castalian spring. Things smelled good; though it was dawn he felt warm inside, and as if he could dance and sing—and as if he could cry.

'Nondas!' No doubt about it this time, and he was leaping over the great stones like a kid who must catch up with the flock.

His mother and father were quarrelling, and it was about him. He was to go up the mountain with his father and brother; it was time for him to begin learning to be a shepherd. That was what his father said, but his mother said the priest was teaching him the letters, and that the priest said he learned fast and should be taught to read and write. Then his father struck out his arm, and in that hand was his long shepherd's crook. 'Do I know the letters?' He waved his crook as if over his sheep. 'How many sheep has the priest?'—his father had a voice for the mountains. 'Nondas, come with me.'

Nondas was proud that he was big enough to go with his father

and Andreas, but his mother said if he did not learn the letters now he would never know them, and if he did not know the letters how could he go back and read what the stone said? But that was not a thing he could ask his father; and they would go high—and deep, places you could not have told were there.

As they were starting his mother ran out and milked her goat Katrina and gave him the big cup of milk. And then he saw that she was crying. Only once before had he seen his mother cry, and then his little sister lay dead. One more thing she said to his father. 'Already we have many sheep, and Nondas could learn.'

'We have many sheep and Nondas will learn to be their shepherd,' said his father, whistling to the dogs and starting the many sheep up the steep side of rock over Delphi.

All the rest of his life was in that day. In the days that followed it was done again and again, with increase of care and wonder and hate and ecstasy, but that day was a tracery on stone which the emotion of a life drove into a deep pattern. Not too easy to send five hundred sheep up two thousand feet of rock whose lean is too slight for the eye to know; his father's voice at all the turnings of the long windings, sounds that were not words but a language between his father and the big goats that led the flock, he and Andreas and the dogs always running after a few that had not moved with the many. Every animal of his father's flock had a bell; the big bells were deep, and the little bells were younger sounds. The climbing flock was like a moving mountain—a mountain that made music.

On a ledge where he had gone for a lamb that strayed at the last turning, he had a look down at the temple where the poppy awakened him and he found the letters. A sharp rock had been loosened by the lamb, and it was hurt and frightened, but finally, reassured, hobbled back to the flock. The boy was himself holding to a bush, for it was a dizzy place; about to swing himself up, he looked down. The temple was right below him, and now the great stones were small stones—a pile he did not understand. He knew it had something to do with long ago, and that people came from far countries and dug these stones from earth that had covered them. He would like to know more about it, now that he knew three of the letters. A procession was passing the temple—villagers driving their donkeys to the fields, with them goats and lambs—little groups that were specks. Far below all this, as far



below the temple as he was above it, were the long reaches of olive groves that wound to the Corinthian gulf, and on that deep blue were dots that were sails—beyond the blowing dots the great mountains that were the Peloponnesos. As the light moved on those far mountains it was as if something else moved there; and as he wondered, his eye came back to the stones in which were written secrets from long ago. 'Nondas!' came his brother's voice, and only then did he know that the bells of the flock were getting like the other far away things. He overtook first the lamb that was hobbling, and he picked it up and ran with it to the flock, liking the lamb that had taken him to the ledge where he saw far and knew there were secrets.

At the First Spring was the flock of Lucas Kanellos; the Paraskeva flock must be held back until the Kanellos flock had taken water—hurrying bells of sheep sent from the spring, slowing bells of a flock coming to halt. The dogs of the Kanellos flock circled their sheep as the Paraskeva dogs circled theirs. In the space between the flocks the two shepherds met, and as if they knew that now met the two big shepherds of that slope of Parnassos. Though his father and Kanellos never did actually meet, when they came close each seemed to be holding off from the other, and though they might be speaking of the price of cheese, each had that manner of being careful what he said lest it be held against him and his life taken. But large and magnificent they looked, each in his hairy shepherd's cape, each with his long crook and his flock behind him. They were speaking of Platias, leader of the bandits, and though these were things they must tell one another, for here was danger they shared, they did not say it to one another, but into the air, not to be endangered by giving another person news of the outlaws. Kanellos told the air that from some place he could not remember he had heard Platias had wintered at Agoryianne, and that the outlaws were already in the mountain and had taken sheep from the shepherds on the Agoryianne side. He himself knew nothing. They must keep friendly with these outlaws and give them sheep.

Andreas and Athanasius Kanellos were also talking, as they kept the edges of the flocks apart, and already these younger shepherds had taken on the suspicious manner of their fathers. But finally they were all drawn together by the story of five men in Delphi who had been drunk for three days. The crippled lamb was afraid of the crowding flock and Nondas carried it to the trough

to drink. He heard the boys of the Kanellos flock laughing and threw a stone at them. They threw back, and relations had become more direct and human before the two flocks went their two ways from the First Spring.

Then a long upward march through the great spruce trees. When the trees opened it was another world that opened—not the lower slopes that are gardens, not olive groves and villages and the sea, but the deep, wide, lonely places that are mountain. Nondas had again picked up the lamb, who grew more lame and could not keep up with the flock, when at a turning he saw the crown of Parnassos; across mountains that were foot-hills it rose, above the green and under the snow, the high point of cold beauty to which the whole wide region flowed. The boy stood still, the lamb's heart beating against his heart.

They travelled so long through the spruce that it seemed this was what the world had become; but now they were coming to something else, and his father sent him running ahead to be there to turn the goats that would turn the flock. And so it happened that alone he entered Kalandia, the hidden mountain park, came running all by himself into that secret beauty, loveliness that was like a heart, a heart guarded by mountains of spruce. All alone it lay there in the mountain sunshine, fields of blowing flowers, the gentle sweetness of the lower places unafraid in this high loneliness. The birds were here and the sound of running water. And there was more than that. Even then he knew it, and all his life, more and more he knew it. It made the place of guarded beauty his own. He wanted to keep back the flock, wanted it to be longer, that moment he had alone with the beauty he had surprised. He hated Andreas for the way he came into this place, coming as he would into any other place. Suddenly he loved the place fiercely, to make up to it for all his brother had let go unfelt.

Then he saw his father enter, and knew nothing else. For around his father's neck was the lame lamb, hind legs over the one shoulder, fore legs and head over the other. It meant that now the lamb would be killed for them to eat. He had thought of it, and in the moment when he saw the summit of their mountain and felt the lamb's heart against his heart.

'But I will not eat,' he promised the lamb. Yet he could not hate his father as he had hated Andreas. Bearing the lamb that would be taken, turning his flock with great sweeps of his crook and with his great voice, his father came as one who had the right.



'I will not eat,' he said within, more and more fiercely as he smelled the meat and was hungry. 'And this for Nondas,' said his father, handing him a good piece of meat cooked brown over the fire.

It was the lamb, the lamb who had taken him to the ledge, where he looked down at the stones that held secrets from long ago, the lamb he had helped. How could you eat the lamb you had helped?

And then he said to himself that perhaps the lamb would not want him to go hungry when the others ate. He ate, and his eating was like something between him and the lamb. Coldness of night was coming, and the meat made him warmer, and he was grateful to the lamb he had helped. He remembered all the day, and before he threw his bone to the dog, he leaned over the little spring that opened from the great rock, and beside that clear water wrote the letters he had found in stone—ΔION, more he could not remember, except the letter with which it closed, the Σ which looked as if it could bite. That, too, he wrote with the bone he had had from the lamb.

He never learned the other letters. You are a person who knows the letters or a person who does not know them. Like most shepherds he was of the world outside the letters, and because he had wanted much to know them, he shut himself away as one who did not know. But the mountain he knew; he knew the trails to the spring, and where the shade was deepest, and the grazing best. He learned from that good shepherd, his father, how to train the dogs, how to gather sheep that are scattering, how to give the wolf cry—strange sound from the throat of man to let the wolf know the sheep are not alone. Before that night when he helped Andreas lift their father up for a last breath, father handed down to sons his lore and wisdom about a flock—what time is best for shearing, and how to pick the sheep for market from the sheep that shall remain a little longer on the mountain. All this he learned through his father, and shared with other shepherds; but he learned alone what he did not share.

There were times when the wanting to share it had to use a lesser wanting, and when it was his turn to leave the flock he would go down to the wine-shop at Delphi and drink with villagers and shepherds down from other parts of the mountain. And always he was hoping it would happen—that they would know together what perhaps they too knew alone. Would it not be like the

breaking of a great light—to feel together such things as he felt alone? He had the idea much wine might do it, for did not men drink together because they were too alone? A day and a night, sometimes more, he would sit drinking in Delphi; he would grow as noisy as any, for was there not much to celebrate? And he knew those inmost places, where mountain shadowed mountain, the places where great sombre shadows lay below, while little cloud shadows moved softly across the upper sunshine. He must be drunk for the things sun and moon and stars could do—sunlight after set of sun and moonlight before the risen moon. The star that one instant stood upon the mountain and in that same instant ceased to be! Such were the things he would tell when all told. He might even tell of a place where the path of the moon was the line of the mountain. There was a night—the second night it was after full moon—when for the whole way up the mountain the moon was just behind the edge, and one by one, or sometimes three by three, the trees of the edge stood against the climbing moon—a night when there were trees on the moon! And lines on the moon become signs, as letters are signs that can tell secrets. Sometimes he half guessed the secrets without knowing the signs. The wine made him surer of what he half knew.

So what did it matter what they did, so long as they were coming together in what they did? Pound the table! Shake the man beside you. Yes, be filthy with the rest; just to show you know it can't be hurt—the feeling that is like the mountain places where it is felt. At times they would say he was crazy, for he would shake his finger at them and laugh. He had a secret, and he would grow canny and suspicious, as if the drunken men were trying to get his secret from him. And this was his secret. When minds became like dawn and he told all—one thing he would not tell!

But each time it did not happen that time. The moment when it seemed that, one in wildness, they might by a miracle, like the miracles of sun and moon and stars, become one in knowledge and delight and wonder—they passed it, they did not know the moment when it was there. It would end in Epimonondas Paraskeva becoming more quarrelsome than any. He hated them all, though not as much as he hated himself, and in the dawn, dawn that was just another day, he would return to his sheep, so drunk that Andreas would tell him he was not a man at all, and small wonder the Kanellos flock was becoming more than the Paraskeva flock. When he and his brother quarrelled they talked of dividing the

flock ; neither wanted to divide it, for their father had wanted it to be one, that it might remain the best flock of the mountain.

Nondas loved the flock ; it had been his grandfather's before it was his father's—as far back as their knowing could go a Paraskeva flock had moved on Parnassos. Those men who walked the paths before them had been good shepherds ; and he and Andreas were good shepherds, Andreas perhaps better than he. Andreas knew what should be done, and did it as the sun moves ; yet the flock prospered with Nondas, for it was happy with him, as if some feeling between them made all right.

It was in that feeling between them he knew peace. Those times in Delphi were far between ; his days passed in caring for his sheep, and there went from him to them a feeling like gratefulness, because of what he had from the places into which they took him. He rested in the feeling of their well-being. It pleased him to see them lying down and getting up, to take them to the cold water they wanted, and to lie hours under his tree while they grazed around him, the quiet of their bells assuring him all was well. His sleep knew it if bells changed. He thought of the flock as one, as gentle life that moved on the mountain, its helplessness his own reason for being. There was exaltation in his wolf cry. He hated the bandits, those outlaws who lived in the wildest places, not so much for the danger they were to himself as because, armed, they would come down upon him and demand of his flock, and those sheep he could not save.

Sometimes Andreas asked him why he was a shepherd ; what did a shepherd raise sheep for if not to sell them ? Nondas would try to put off the time of sending to market. The hardest thing he did was choosing the sheep that would be taken. He himself never took the bells from throats that would be cut. He was not thinking of the money they would bring as he watched the sheep driven from the flock, now leaving the care and coolness they would not have again—sheep he had seen become bigger lambs, sheep he had guarded under so many stars ! They did not know to what they went, but he knew, and he, their shepherd, was not calling them back !

But that was as it had to be, and what he felt as he saw the sheep go, made sharper his satisfaction in the well-being of the flock he kept safe in the mountain. He took them to the deepest shade when the day was hot and let them graze under the cool of the stars, the plenty and peace of the mountain theirs—these the



sheep that would one day be packed in boats without water, and parched, footsore and bewildered—unshepherded, would wait death in the noisy misery of the Peiræus. As he hugged the now for them strange wonderings would come. He was a power over the sheep; could it be that over him too was that which knew the doom that waited, and with rejoicing made by sorrow loved keeping him safe in his moment of gladness? As if he took on this feeling that might be over him, there came times when delight became too sharp, ecstasy he did not quite know how to bear. A bird call at the spring, bright flowers bending over water, blowing grass where no one came, the deep voice of the spruce—this would become more than could live in the sweet calm there was between him and his sheep. Old and strong as was the hold of the flock upon him, he knew moments of wishing he did not have the flock. What he wanted was to cry out to the trees and hide his face in the blowing grass. It was like going too high on the mountain for easy breathing.

He was much alone with the sheep, for Andreas could do better than he all those things that had to do with people. Nondas was impatient with the other shepherds, wanting them to be what they were not. But when mounting delight loosened the hold of his life upon him, when he could no longer know alone all that he came to know, those were the times of going to Delphi, to share, to celebrate.

Andreas did not suspect the truth, for few delights and wonderings disturbed Andreas. One quarrel they had each year. Nondas wanted to take the sheep to the high places before Andreas thought they should go. 'But Kanellos might get there first!' Nondas would cry. 'And what if he does?' his brother would ask. Nondas could only look at him, marvelling that he did not guess, but unable to say a word, for this had to do with his secret, the beautiful secret that was the heart of his life.

And then happened what he would not have believed could happen. He wanted to share his secret! He would give it as a great gift, his treasure. He saw her for the first time one fragrant Mayday, in her father's field at the First Spring, where the Paraskeva flock was taking water and the Paraskeva boys, still so called, were arguing that thing of going higher. Spring had come early this year, and finding it had already climbed to this half-way place, Nondas lifted his face to a place much higher. He knew he was unreasonable—too cold yet for the sheep, but he

must begin hurrying Andreas, for his own would be there waiting him as one who has come a little before the appointed time.

Then the laugh—and it was as if the morning laughed. He saw that she was making a collar of daisies for her lamb, laughing as she tried to put it on. The foolish lamb did not know it was the first of May, and ran. As she came running after she was straight as a tree that has grown perfectly, the sunlight on her flushed face was like soft light on flowers, and her running laughter lovely as water over mossy stones. The wonder of loving her came all at once, like the other miracles. ‘Stupid! Stop my lamb,’ she cried, and together they caught the lamb and decked it with flowers.

Andreas was left in peace about going higher. Two weeks the flock remained around the First Spring; Panagoula worked with her father in his field, and as she pulled and tossed the weeds from the wheat, she swayed as in a dance. He was wild with the strength and gladness of her. She was always laughing at him, but he did not mind, laughter had been too much left out of his delights. And when, the night of full moon, a little apart from the circle of men, she suddenly threw high her arms and lifted her face to the moon with a glorious shout—then he knew! It was with her as it was with him. Together! Hands out he started to her, and only midway remembered her father and the other men.

In the cool of the next day she came to the spring for water. His sheep were all around him but, ‘Panagoula,’ he began at once, ‘next week we can go higher. Yes,’—for she drew back astonished, ‘I will take you with me. Where I go you will go. All that I know you shall know!’ and he held out his hands.

‘What’s this you’re saying? Then it’s true you’re crazy!’

‘Only as you are crazy, Panagoula. No—don’t be afraid. Don’t go. I will tell you what the trees say, and together we will watch sunlight dance on shadow. My love—my bride!’

She gasped. ‘*Bride?* I go to the priest with you?’

‘Oh, yes, that’s true—the priest. But we will go to Delphi and find the priest. Then high! And deep, Pa’goula. I will take you to places no one knows! You and I, alone with the sheep—in the great trees through nights so big—so big—but you will not be afraid, my Panagoula. I will——’

Panagoula sat down on the stones by the spring. She sat down because she was laughing so hard. ‘And for *this*,’ she shrieked, ‘I have my piles of sheets, my lace on pillows, my great chest of clothes!’

‘Why have you woven those beautiful blankets, Panagoula?’



‘That I might go with a shepherd and live in the mountain with his flock!’

She wiped her eyes and looked at him with interest. ‘Did you really think I would marry you?’

‘But I would tell you all I know.’ It was the most he could say, and he could but barely say it now.

Panagoula began running water in the jar. ‘So you would tell me all you know? But that is good of you! Why, you do not even know the letters!’ She had just thought of it, and began laughing again. ‘All you know—and you cannot read and write! Let me tell you something you don’t know. I am going to marry *Thanasie*. Yes—*stare*. *Athanasius Gkikas*—the best store in Delphi. And he has been to America. He knows the English letters as well as the Greek. I am going to marry a man who wears store clothes—not shepherd things like that—clothes they wore a thousand years ago!’

Never had the wine-shop in Delphi been as wild as it was that night. *Epimonondas Paraskeva* broke into the room like a man who knew but one thing. ‘Wine!’ he called. ‘I will tell you a secret—there is nothing but wine!’

A roomful of drinking men, a pipe playing, songs of Greek hating Turk, a circle of men dancing to songs in which blood flows. *Nondas* sat at an end of the table, and to the right of him was a man who hated the man to the left of him—they facing each other, he between. This hating was more to him than the wine. When he joined the songs of men beheaded he saw *her* beheaded—that head thrown back to the moon, and knowing nothing but lace on white cloth! The hate in him leaped to the hate in *Spiros Varzakanos*; they were one in hate, and he would embrace this man as he drank with him. Others tried to quiet them, and *Varzakanos* did grow more quiet.

The man at his left, the one *Varzakanos* hated, got up to go. Instantly the table was over, *Nondas* thrown to the floor. He saw a knife—blood; *Varzakanos* was smashing through a back window, a few feebly after him, others around the man whose blood ran over the floor. And he himself, leaning against the wall, watching the blood, loving it, wanting to smell—taste it!—wanting to feel it hot on his hands. It ran between his feet and he gave a shout. Someone put him outside and told him to return to his sheep.

But he walked through the town. What is wine? It was with blood he was drunk.



The moon was full upon that steep side of rock over Delphi. Could he ever go up that wall again—great wall defending the places that were his? Would they be his now, after she had laughed at them? As he had been wrong about her, was he wrong about it all? He was so still that his eye had not moved from the high spot where it had come to rest—a white rock among shadows; and it was so he saw him—a man—Varzakanos—swiftly cross that shining place and disappear in the higher shadow. He was getting to the mountain—to the farthest, wildest places; he would hide, join the other outlaws. It was so they were made—those men who came and took your sheep.

But there was something else about that high shining rock Varzakanos had crossed. Now he knew. It was from that ledge a little boy who had gone to get a lamb looked down and saw the stones in which were written secrets from long ago. The man who had been that boy now walked on to the temple.

There it lay, alone in the moonlight, and the calm of the fallen stones went over his spirit. He had not been back here since that morning long ago when the poppy brushed his face and he found the letters the priest had taught him. He did not know the other letters, so it seemed he should not return; but many times he had cut the ΔION in trees he loved, and always after them a blank, and then the letter with which it closed, the Σ which looked as if it could bite.

Now he wanted to find the word again, and he hunted a long time, for there had been changes; more people had come from far countries and dug many more of the great stones from the earth with which time had covered them. But at last he came upon it, and with his fingers he followed each letter. And suddenly he wondered if the grocer who wore store clothes had ever loved any letters as he loved these. Panagoula laughed till she couldn't stand up because he would tell her all he knew and did not even know the letters. But would the letters laugh? *Would the letters laugh?*

And then he knew what he had not known before, that all his life had been a search. Not knowing the way through the letters he had gone another way around. But he was behind the letters! Here alone in their temple, while dawn took moonlight, he knew he was with what had been meant.

He spoke to the letters: 'You are a key, and beautiful. There is another key, and it is that other key opens for me. I must leave you and go to what opens for me.'

And so before the sun was high he came to Andreas at the First Spring. 'We must go higher,' he said.

And when Andreas objected, Nondas said to him: 'Give me what sheep are mine. It need not take long to divide the flock, for you may have more than half. But some are mine, and those I take with me where I go.'

Andreas had never known him like this. He could do nothing. The Paraskeva flock became two.

So that year he had what he wanted, and he paid for it in sheep; the place to which he had to go was indeed too cold for them. But he would have paid for it with his life; such was the nature of his necessity.

He loved the sheep the more for the wrong he did them. They were the sacrifice to his necessity.

And also they were his safeguard—the fold into which he came; less and less were there the human contacts that make this fold. After Panagoula he did not try to reach anyone else, no longer went to Delphi in the hope of knowing with others such things as he knew alone. What was his alone became his all, and when there came times of its being too much, all he could do was let it have him, do what it would. It is one thing to be alone, and another to know you will always be alone.

Kanellos took advantage of Nondas' separation from Andreas to quarrel with him about grazing ground; now he and the older shepherd would see each other across valley or on mountain-side, and would not draw near to talk. Anyway, he had never had any hopes through Kanellos—a stupid, avaricious man whom he resented for living on long after his own father had died. It was Kanellos who now had the first flock of Parnassos.

Sometimes he saw Varzakanos, the man he had seen become a murderer. The outlaw would come upon him in some far place and make his demand—milk and cheese, a few kids or lambs, perhaps a sheep for himself and the others. There was more of a bond between him and this man than between him and any other.

He had that summer alone in the mountain, and wintered as usual in the great plain below Delphi, near Amphissa. And it was that winter came a disease among the sheep. The Kanellos flock was first stricken; it went on to Andreas' flock. Nondas, farther away, had so far escaped. To get his flock away from this sickness, in the late winter he took them a little way up the mountain, into a fold just under Delphi.



But even so they were not spared. He was still caring for them when Spring came to Delphi, bringing that word of what waited for him higher.

And now, after all he had given up for freedom, he was held as never before. His sheep were not able to go. And the other flocks, stricken earlier, were farther along in recovery. Both Kanellos and Andreas would get into the mountain before him.

Even had there been one to whom he could speak, there would not have been words to tell how much it mattered. It had never mattered as much. The winter in the plain, among people and yet alone, doing badly many things Andreas used to do for him, had been the most fretting of his life. He had come to the place where he could not go farther without that refreshment, reassurance, which awaited him. It awaited him as a lovely bride, and he could not go.

Then came music to mock him. Panagoula was marrying her grocer who knew the letters, and the village had begun its celebration. He knew that the dancing and drinking begin when the things the bride has woven are taken to the house of the bridegroom. So now they were going there—the piles of sheets and blankets that made her laugh till she couldn't stand up at the idea of going with him to the inmost places, sharing the secret beauty he had never thought to offer another. All through the night the piping and the laughter jeered at him.

One night of it was mockery enough for a lifetime. When it began again next evening, there was not that in him that has power to bear. Yet what was there for him to do? He was held there with the flock he could not move as a mother with a sick child. The revellers would fire their guns, and it frightened the ailing sheep, and he would try to quiet them. Even while they held him in torture he loved them, and he wept over them.

And then another music—down the mountain the bells of a thousand moving sheep. Kanellos was bringing up his flock! He had begun his march into the mountain.

He was then between the mockery of wedding revelry and the mockery of the mounting flock, caught there between the two. When they came together they would crush him! In a moment when both were louder, he shot from the fold like one escaping, and started running up the mountain. The shepherd had left his sheep.

He went to the place that was his own, to the secret beauty into



which a little boy had come running twenty years before. It was to Kalandia he went, that high loveliness that is like a heart—a heart guarded by mountains of spruce. A tormented man who had left all behind came to it now and found what the boy had found. No one had been here since it had lain under the snow. The freshness of its untouched beauty was as a shrine unviolated. There was nothing between him and what had slept with this life, and had risen with it and moved in it now. And because he came alone, believing and worshipping, there was nothing in himself to come between him and this presence in all things that moved—in bending grass as in sunshine's softly parting shadow. He had communion now as never before. He would throw himself on the earth and let flow into him from what was there ; would rise up for the messages in the wind and the love in the sunshine. He would say, 'You were before I was, and you will be when I am not, but what moves in you moves now in me. Harm cannot come, for I am you.' He went to the little spring that opened from the great rock. It was so small and so constant and so pure. It was there just the same when no one was there.

Two days he was there and thought not of food. Then he wanted it, and not quite knowing what he did, for transport had been too great for return, he went out at the other side of Kalandia, toward Agoryianne. He knew at least that he could not return to Delphi.

He wandered in the wilds of the mountain. Dizzy, he would fall, and was bleeding from cuts of the stones. It was so Varzakanos found him. He took him to his own hiding-place and saved his life.

For two weeks he was with the outlaws. Then he was more like himself, and they offered to let him go. He would not betray them, they said, for he knew what they had done for him. He had for some reason gone off his head. Now he could go back and be a shepherd again.

But it was he himself who said he could not go back. There were those among them who were deserters from the army. He was a deserter from more than that. Varzakanos had killed another man. He had killed the shepherd that was himself. There was no return.

Thus it was on his own judgment Epimonondas Paraskeva became an outlaw.

From far he would hear the bells of the sheep—through the great trees that music of a grazing flock. It came to be one of the sounds of the mountain—life as the trees are life.

There came the day when he saw his own flock. From his cave he saw them come into the valley below—the Paraskeva flock one again, for Andreas had taken over his sheep. He had known it would be so. They would send word to Andreas his brother had left his flock, and he would provide for them, and take them. Only he wished he knew for certain they had not been long unshepherded. He could tell them from Andreas' sheep, differently shorn, and they were thinner. To look down at them was as if death did not keep him from regarding from afar the sheep with whom he had known the most of peace in the life he had had. Happy indeed they had been, those long successions of peaceful days. It was because what he had felt through them came to be so much, he had to go out from them, go where they could not go.

There remained one thing he could do for them. He was nearer the wolves as an outlaw than he had been as a shepherd. There were times when he would know a wolf endangered the flock before the shepherd or his dogs knew. He would give the wolf cry, the throat of the outlaw letting the outlaw animal know there was vigilance. It thrilled him to do this either for his own flock or the flock of Kanellos. The sheep were goodness undefended, and he a friend from far.

Another tie he had with his sheep. They were his meat. It was so he paid his way among the band—'They are your sheep, and we must have meat.' A young boy, brother of one of the deserters, would be sent as messenger to Andreas. And the shepherd dared not disobey that command of the outlaw, even when the outlaw was his brother.

At times Nondas could not eat of his flock. Other times would come the feeling of the little boy who partook of the lamb he had helped. A long time he had been their loving shepherd. Would they not rather give of themselves to him than to those others who were nothing? When that feeling came of itself he would eat. And always it was a bond between them. Though he sat in a circle of boisterous, ravenous men, even though he himself joined the revelry, there was underneath a communion—remembrance and gratefulness. He partook, not alone of them, but of the simple goodness that they were, of the calm he had known when he moved with them on the mountain and watched over them under the stars.

But despite this hold on the Paraskeva flock the bandits demanded more often of Kanellos. They hated Kanellos and wanted



to punish him for having threatened to ask protection. It was the law of the mountain that the shepherd should buy his protection from the outlaws themselves, the law of the lower places pretending not to know what went on out of its reach. Sometimes when they had meat, and managed to get wine from Agoryianne, they would grow wild in their talk against Kanellos, in their sneering at the shepherds they intimidated. The man who had been a shepherd would join in this. He had his own reasons for despising the shepherds.

In the desperate, shameful life he led with these men the mountain hid, he was neither happy nor unhappy. That last time at Kalania, when he knew more fully of what he had long known a part, it was as if he entered into something else, and in that was his being. The way of living did not much matter. He had companionship, and at times he liked it, but now that he had gone farther into his own knowing he had given up that hope of knowing with another such things as he knew alone; nor had he that need, now that he was more secure. And it was strange how little ashamed he was of the life of which he was a part. The people he had left were doing too scant a thing with life for him to feel keenly against this life which violated them.

The summer passed, rains came, and cold; the flocks went down from the mountain. The outlaws had in a measure provided for themselves, but life became a fight with the cold. The snow was too deep to stay high: they had to venture farther down. They became more like hunted creatures—no revelry these days. One of them died. They separated and found shelter as they could. The family of Loiras, one of the deserters, lived in Agoryianne, a Parnassos village which only steep donkey trails connect with the world. He forced his people to give shelter to himself, Varzakanos and Nondas.

There they wintered, wretchedly; when they could stand it no longer they went into the mountain, earlier than they should. They fought cold that could kill them; like wild men they were, desperate as wolves.

At last Kanellos came into the mountain. Meat! They took from him the day he arrived, took heavily. To them he said nothing.

A week later Varzakanos, Nondas, and two others were in their cave when from below came the sound of running footsteps. Loiras had gone out to try for a hare—but this was more than one



man's steps. Through a crevice Nondas saw soldiers running after the deserter. A shot. Loiras fell.

The four others could do nothing but stay where they were, hands on guns, their hope in the fact that the soldiers did not know the mountain—great fact which leaves outlaws on Parnassos. After dark they got deeper into the mountain. The soldiers would be gone in a few days ; they never tried to do more than make a showing.

So Kanellos had told. The stubborn, stingy old man, brooding over the sheep he had lost, thought to intimidate them, thought they'd be afraid to touch the biggest shepherd on Parnassos. They'd show him how that game would end !

They made their plans. If he stayed in that part of the mountain he had about as much chance as one of the kids he grudgingly gave to starving men !

Epimonondas Paraskeva, now in good standing as an outlaw, was in the plot to kill Lucas Kanellos.

One day he went by himself and thought. From his height he saw Kanellos and his flock at the big spring between Kalania and Agoryianne. He watched the shepherd with his sheep. He remembered many things.

He went back to Varzakanos and made his protest. It was madness—for the other things he could not say to him ; their hate had run away with them. The law could not keep its eyes shut if this old shepherd were killed.

Varzakanos' face had grown lean in the two years of hiding ; hate had even less in its way now than that night in the wine-shop at Delphi, when hate drew him and Nondas together. 'So you are a shepherd again, are you ? But let me tell you something. I was the one brought you among us. If anything goes wrong——' he clenched his gun. 'It will be from *this* one—you understand ?'

Nondas did understand ; understanding was never more clear than the night he slipped from the men whose lives he had shared, letting himself down over the rocks, feeling his way through the trees, at times seeing the North star over the valley below, and, just as night was thinning, coming to the spring where Kanellos would bring his sheep.

They were not there yet, though their bells told they were coming. He was alone with the growing dawn—wide, unhurried, unfaltering dawn. At least this one time more the dawn was his ;

and he was glad that through this one more dawn was the long-loved music of a moving flock.

Kanellos was at the spring when Nondas stepped out to him.

After his startled moment the shepherd seemed more curious than afraid. Nondas had not seen his own face since it was the face of an outlaw. In Kanellos' look he read how much himself had changed, could see the gaunt wild man he had become. And well he knew his shepherd clothes were rags.

Kanellos gave a little grunt. It said: 'And serves you right! You who were a shepherd!'

Nondas began: 'I have come to tell you——' but stopped, for still Kanellos was greedily feeding on the privations that had pinched the face of Epimonondas Paraskeva. Was there then no other thing written there? Though he was bones and rags, did there burn in his eyes no light of things within? But when had this man had eyes for things not mean?

And this the man he had come to save! He turned and looked high, where Varzakanos was no doubt looking down on him. And when he turned back it was he who peered—at the old shepherd for whose life he gave his own.

'And what then have they made of *you*—the years?' And at what he saw he cried: 'Why it is I should kill you! Not because you sent the law into the mountain, but because I see—see—*see* you.' He grasped the old man's arms. 'Let me tell you, Lucas Kanellos, why it is right that you should die.

'Because you never saw the shadows on the mountain. Because you never saw the trees against the rising moon. Was ever one breath of your life given to delight in the not quite risen star—a burning point on the far peak? Did you ever *shiver*, Kanellos—did you ever shiver with delight in the first thin streak of moonlight from a moon that was not yet? Did faith ever grow in you with the growing of the sunlight from a sun unseen? Have you ever seen God's breath passing over the grass, or heard His voice in the water from the rocks? When did you put your arms as far as they would reach around a tree that was before you were and will be when you are not? What have you said to the birds, Kanellos, and what was there to go from you to the stars you faced? Answer me—you who have walked in large places and remained a small man!' His hands tightened as his face drew nearer the frightened face of Kanellos. 'What have you to say before you die?'

Kanellos' back was to his sheep. The bells had become disturbed. In this moment when mad eyes were on him and his arms in a grip like death, he turned his head and let the voice of the shepherd go out reassuringly to the sheep.

The hands of Epimonondas Paraskeva fell. His head went down. 'You have answered,' he said.

Then he lifted his face and looked at the shepherd. He, the bad shepherd who knew many other things, loved the good shepherd who knew only his sheep. He had never seen the shadows and the light, he had never heard the trees, but 'What have you to say before you die?'—and he says it to his sheep.

Nondas was on his knees, and he held the hard hands and was kissing them. 'Forgive me, Kanellos, but I am going to die, and let me tell you that the life that goes for your life loves you. You are not you alone. You are the shepherds of the thousand years. My father, my grandfather, and all who came to this spring before you, I kiss you now as I kiss the hand of this stupid man in whom lives the shepherds who have worn down the rocks.'

Then in a few words he told him. '. . . Only waiting to make sure the soldiers have gone. Looking down at us now—my friends who are waiting to kill you: but afraid to come near the open places, so this is your chance. Start as if for Agoryianne, but take the turn for Amphissa, and never return to this spring.'

Kanellos looked at him from dull little eyes, but knew he spoke the truth. He seemed to want to say something but could only grunt, as he nodded.

He turned to go, but as he saw his sheep he called them to the spring for water. Nondas smiled, and, standing a little apart, watched this, for he loved to see sheep drinking of the water that opened from the earth. He watched them go, saw the flock become one thing that moved on the mountain as shadows move, and the shepherd was that which moved with the sheep.

And now—himself? Just as the flock was vanishing he had an impulse to run after it. Had he not betrayed the outlaws to save the shepherd? It would make a place for him. But he did not move. The place did not call.

Should he try to get North—through Thermopylæ to other mountains—Oita, Othrys? Would the men hiding there learn he was a traitor outlaw? Was there some other life—?

But while his mind dwelt upon it his feet had turned to Kalania.



He was not sure he could get there—a mile, and in view from above. And hate was stronger than caution in Varzakanos—that was perhaps why he loved the man.

He did reach it—the loveliness that was like a heart, heart in which his own knowing first beat. He reached the little spring that opened from the great rock, lay there with closed eyes—listened to what it was he had known, and loved what he had loved.

Then another sound—the breaking of dead spruce boughs, footsteps crunching dried moss. Across the spring, through the trees, he saw Varzakanos' face. Back of him was deep shadow, but there was sunlight on that lean hate, and that too was beautiful, so tense, so true unto itself—true as the aim that followed.

One instant more—oh, clearer than ever before, so clear it cleared them all. Then suddenly much younger. What were those things you did as you went to God? The priest had taught him long ago. He started to make the sign of the cross on his dying body, but his hand remembered that other thing the priest had taught him. It dropped to the spring and wrote the final letter. With his blood he made it—the bite in his half-known word Dionysos—

Σ.